

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.]

FREELIGHSBURG, (L. C.) TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1835.

[VOLUME I. NUMBER 12.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged, in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and six pence for each subsequent insertion.

Above six lines and not exceeding ten two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, three pence per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

All communications must be addressed to James Moir FERRES, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

MR. COBBETT.

The following is Mr. Cobbett's reply to a circular sent him, requesting his co-operation in the getting up of the dinner lately given to Lord J. Russell:-

BOLT COURT, March 13.

GENTLEMEN.—I do not know of any point in my character, or any event in my life, which could justify you in expecting that I would join in the scheme set on foot under your auspices for glorifying the Duke's son who rules the opposition in the House of Commons. A dinner to Lord John Russell—Heaven protect and save us all....I will see him d——d first.

As you do not set forth in your letter any specific service or merit of the gentleman on which the honor intended for him is grounded, I am at liberty to suppose that the station which he has taken possession of in the house, by his own appointment, is the foundation of his feed. He is to be feasted, because he has taken upon himself the task of bringing the Whigs again into office. For this reason, and to strengthen and animate him in his mighty undertaking, I am called upon to leave my happy fireside, and throw away a pound, or perhaps two, upon a reeking mess, amidst infernal noise and clatter, in the ill ventilated, and, in all other respects, uncomfortable hall of the Freeman's Tavern....Now, gentlemen, what a confounded old fool you must take me for.

I can tell you what, perhaps, you have no suspicion of. If the dinner were designed for myself, and in compliment to me alone, and if you and the rest of you were to be at the sole and entire expense of it, my pocket untouched and free, I would not touch it: I might thank you, but I would not accept your invitation, for I live better at Normandy Tything, and far more sumptuously even in Bolt Court, where I sojourn during the actual sitting of Parliament, than I should at your greasy tavern dinner. I have sucking pigs fatted with Indian corn, which require no mastification. You need but put a leg or an arm of one of them between your jaws, and it will melt away of itself into your stomach. I have turnips, even at this season of the year, which cut like marrow; I have chickens spoon-fed with my own meal, and asparagus reared in my own garden, to which I defy the King to show a match; and therefore, I repeat, gentlemen, that if the dinner which you propose to give, and have the modesty to ask me to assist you in giving, to Lord John Russell were intended for myself, I should find great trouble and inconvenience to accept it. But no—you have not the slightest notion of offering me a dinner, you never thought of such a thing before I went to Newgate, or after, before I fled to America, or on my return, before the reform bill, or when it received the royal assent. You never dreamt of paying the smallest homage or deference to me, never, never, never.

I should not complain of this, because it is the lot of all the benefactors of mankind....and why should I claim exception from that fate—to be treated with ingratitude during their life time. But it is vexatious when a nation, pluming itself on its judgment and discretion, goes out of its way to raise the trophy of beef and mutton to a sort of political *Jack the Giant Killer*. And whom are you going to feast? One of the Poor Laws Amendment Bill Lords. Just think of that. Think of the unblushing profligacy of such a thing. Would it not be much better, think you, to feast the poor? To give dinners to those, whom the Whig government, of which this Lord John Russell was one, condemned to perpetual starvation? Give him a dinner indeed! A rope's end were better guerdon to him and all his supporters to the third and fourth generations.

But, gentlemen though I'll not dine with you, I'll tell you what I'll do...I'll give you nothing to buy meat or bread to cram your idol with; but I'll help your cookery. I have a *gridiron*, for which I have no longer any need; it was provided for a special occasion now past and gone, but has never yet been used; I will give it to you, and you shall place it in the middle of Smithfield. For fuel I recommend you to take the poor laws amendment bill aforesaid and Peel's bill, and the Irish coercion act, and

this very Lord John Russell's Dissenters' relief bill, and if these are not enough, you may throw in one of my Lord Brougham's acts to make a blaze. When you have kindled a large fire, and the bars of the gridiron are of a proper heat, then take the little man and boil him alive upon the heap. Let O'Connell blow the bellows and Whittle Harvey ply the poker. When the flame languishes, Lord Stanley may throw in a little of the oil of conciliation to revive it; and as soon as Lord John is dressed to your liking, cut him up and distribute him limb by limb, to the poor, whom his party have ground, robbed, and cast out and ruined.

One word more; be sure and send to Woburn Abby for a fat ox. Take it—it is public property. The Parliament, in days of despotism, took the ground on which it grazes from the church, and gave it to Russell the brewer. They had no more right to do so than you have to go into my farmstead and take mother Marshall's fat hen off the roost. Therefore make restitution to the land. Take the Bedford ox and roast it whole.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Ohio Farmer.

CABBAGES.—For winter cabbage, sow the seed when the ground becomes warm and dry on the top, and to have good cabbage they must be twice set out; first remove them into rich, fresh dung ground, 8 inches apart; here let them remain 20 days. There they gain strength, form a handsome stem and do much better than if they were put from the seed-bed into the ground where they are to stand. When they are set out, shorten the root, by cutting off the main leading root, called the top-root; they will then form a more bushy root—the roots run nearer the surface of the ground, and these find their proper food. Transporting them the second time is matter of consequence. The season for this business is *only* when the ground is *dry* on top. It is one of the greatest errors, in gardening, to think that the proper time for transplanting is immediately after a shower; the ground becomes so wet by a shower that the farmer cannot plough; away he goes to the garden and transplants such things as require to be transplanted—he digs a little hole, puts in his plant, then presses the mud around the stem. As soon as the sun shines, that mud dries; becomes stiff and hard, and unless immediately removed, nine out of twelve of the plants will die!—Better for the farmer had he gone to bed, calmly surrendered himself up to *Somnus*.—Then I say let your *ground be dry on the top*—then take your plants in one hand and a setting stick in the other; make a hole suitable to receive the root; then put in your plant just deep enough for the surface of the ground to be even with the lower ends of your cabbage leaves, but no lower; then push your setting stick into the ground a few inches from the plant; and about as low as the plant; then pull the top of the stick from the plant. This will gently press the dirt against the lower roots of your plant which should be the first thing attended to; then crowd the dirt around the stem; take hold of the end of one of the leaves and pull, if the piece that you hold breaks off your plant is well set. Be very careful that no dirt gets into the heart of your plant; hoe deep through the summer. As soon as the cabbages begin to head they must be earthed up, that the dirt must be hoed up against the stem—after this is done, hoe and dig deep between your cabbages, and your crop will be brought to the highest degree of perfection. The same kind of treatment which is proper for one kind of cabbage will generally answer for another; early kinds of cabbage, if sowed late, will keep as well as any others.

There is but one way to keep cabbage through the winter, and this is the way—Lay out a piece of ground 6 feet wide and long enough to contain all the cabbage you wish to keep; dig on each side of it a little trench a foot wide—throw this dirt on to your bed; make the bed smooth: Lay on this bed poles 6 inches apart lengthwise of your bed; then lay sticks across these 6 inches apart; upon this platform lay cornstocks, peavines, or small twigs of trees, not very deep, make the top flat, as you discover the ground is about to be locked up by the frost, take up your cabbage, knock all the dirt off, pull off the yellow leaves, put the cabbage head downwards on your bed, with their roots sticking up; then cover them with straw neatly to the root, lay something on the straw to keep it from blowing away. If the frost is too quick for you, cut them off even with the ground and let the old stump stick up. The cabbage heads should not touch each other. From this stalk you will get cabbages during the winter with the greatest ease, and in the spring they will be green and good. The rain will pass down through your sticks and the ditch will pass off the water and the cabbage will never be injured by the wet.

Should some of your early kinds of cabbage get their growth soon in the season and you have not use for them all, build a

temporary shed over them, cease boeing and they will stand for a long time without bursting.

P. C. MAY.

MISCELLANY.

STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
From a work of Massenius, a German Jesuit, published at Cologne, in 1657.

THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"Of all my wives" said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word!"

"Do so," returned the monarch, "whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others."

"So, then, if I asked it, said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria?"

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already?" said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over its king?"

"No...no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not: I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."

"And to reign then you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."

"And do you wish then to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"

"Take care, O, King! do not offer too much."

"No, I repeat it," said the captivated monarch. "Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign-mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."

"And all which I command then, shall be executed?

"Yes I will resign to you for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his gold sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis... "Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power, take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the orders of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments and asked her how she had managed to go through with it with so grave and majestic an air.

"While they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more *piquante* and amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, with a loud voice.

The secretary approached, two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "Under the penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order." Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now: 'Under penalty of death the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold it, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who

shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree.

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation: the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the Queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen said he, "you play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give account of my actions. Nevertheless this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate him because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he, laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage.

Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne—

"And you," said she, to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zopire: "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban: "than my sabre against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar: "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the wall of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you: and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves, of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis, till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch.... "Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The *fête* was magnificent; a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honour. "You are," said she, "a foreign king come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes," replied they.

The *fête* was very gay. A slave having by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment.

ment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat and said—"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grande alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is you yourself, my lord....you who speak—what have you given to the queen this morning."

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ears of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me beautiful queen," said he, "pardon me." And he added, in a lower tone, "I would that this *fête* were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign;" and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," she said in a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not then be angry," said she, in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment."